

# THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

No. 3.

## Literary Pursuits of Sailors.

THERE are many cases on record of individuals who, even with scarcely any other education than what they contrived to give themselves while serving in subordinate and laborious situations in the camp or on ship-board, have attained to great familiarity with books, and sometimes risen to considerable literary or scientific distinction. The celebrated English navigator, *Dampier*, although he had been some time at school before he left his native country, yet went to sea at so early an age that, considering he for a long time led a vagabond and lawless life, he must have very soon forgotten every thing he had been taught, if he had not, in the midst of all his wild adventures, taken great pains both to retain and extend his knowledge. That he must have done so is evident from the accounts of his different voyages, which he afterwards published. We have few works of the kind more vigorously or graphically written than these volumes; and

they contain abundant evidences of a scientific and philosophical knowledge of no ordinary extent and exactness. Along with *Dampier's*, we may mention an older name, that of *John Davis*, the discoverer of the well-known strait leading into Baffin's Bay. Davis also went to sea when quite a boy, and must have acquired all his knowledge both of science and of the art of composition, while engaged among the duties of his profession. Yet we not only have from his pen accounts of several of his voyages, but also a treatise on the general hydrography of the earth. He was the inventor, besides, of a quadrant for taking the sun's altitude at sea. *Robert Drury*, too, who wrote an account of the Island of Madagascar, and of his strange adventures there, deserves to be remembered when we are making mention of authors bred at sea. Drury was only fourteen when he set out on his voyage in a vessel proceeding to India, and he was shipwrecked in returning home on the island we have mentioned, where he

remained in a species of captivity for fifteen years; so that when he at last contrived to make his escape, he had almost forgotten his native language. He afterwards, however, set about writing an account of his life—a task which he accomplished whilst acting in the humble capacity of a porter at the India House. The work is composed in a plain but sensible style, and contains many interesting details respecting the manners of the natives of Madagascar. It is perhaps somewhat better for having been compressed by one of the friends of the author, whose original manuscript is said to have extended to eight hundred large folio pages.

*Falconer*, the author of "The Shipwreck," as is generally known, spent his life, from childhood, at sea. He was probably born in one of the small towns in the county of Fife, which border the Frith of Forth; but nothing is very certainly ascertained either as to his native place or parentage. Nor has any very definite account been given of how he acquired the elements of education, with the exception of a report that he found an instructor in a person of the name of Campell, a man of some literary taste and acquirements, who happened to be purser in one of the vessels in which young Falconer sailed. However this may be, Falconer appeared as an author at a very early age, having been only, it is said, in his twenty-first year when he gave to the world his first production, a poem on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of his late Majesty, George III. He was ten or twelve years older when he published his "Shipwreck," which is said to be founded in a great measure on the personal adventures of the author. Falconer did not permit the success of his poetical efforts to withdraw him from his profession, in which, having

now transferred himself from the merchant service to the navy, he continued to rise steadily till he was appointed purser of a man-of-war. Some time after attaining this promotion, he published the other work by which he is chiefly known, his "Universal Marine Dictionary," which was very favorably received, and is still a standard work. He had previously to this written several other poetical pieces on temporary subjects, which have long been forgotten. Shortly after the publication of his dictionary, he sailed for Bengal as purser of the frigate *Aurora*. This vessel, however, was never heard of, after she passed the Cape of Good Hope, having in all probability foundered at sea.

*Giordani*, an Italian engineer and mathematician of the seventeenth century, was originally a common soldier on board one of the Pope's gallees. In this situation his capacity and good conduct attracted the attention of his admiral; and as a reward he was promoted to the post of purser of one of the vessels. It was his appointment to this situation which first formed his mind to study. Having accounts to keep, he soon found how necessary it was that he should know something of arithmetic, of which he was till then quite ignorant; and he determined therefore to teach himself the science, which it is said he did without assistance. By pursuing his studies from this commencement, he eventually acquired considerable reputation as a mathematician; and, having published several able works, was appointed at last to a professorship in the Sapienza College, at Rome. Giordani died in the year 1711.

*Columbus* himself, one of the greatest men that ever lived, if it be grand ideas grandly realized that constitute greatness, while leading the life of a seaman, not only pursued assiduously



the studies more particularly relating to his profession, rendering himself the most accomplished geographer and astronomer of his time, but kept up that acquaintance which he had begun at school with the different branches of elegant literature. We are told that he was even wont to amuse himself by the composition of Latin verses.

It was at sea, too, that *Cook* acquired for himself those high, scientific, and we may even add, literary accomplishments, of which he showed himself to be possessed. The parents of the celebrated and world renowned navigator were poor peasants, and all the school education he ever had was a little reading, writing, and arithmetic, for which he was indebted to the liberality of a gentleman in the neighborhood. He was apprenticed, at the age of thirteen, to a shopkeeper in the small town of Snaith, near Newcastle; and it was while in this situation that he was first seized with a passion for the sea. After some time, he prevailed upon his master to give up his indentures, and entered as one of the crew of a coasting vessel engaged in the coal trade. He continued in this service till he had reached his twenty-seventh year, when he exchanged it for that of the navy, in which he soon distinguished himself so greatly, that he was three or four years after appointed master of the *Mercury*, which belonged to a squadron then proceeding to attack Quebec. Here he first showed the proficiency he had already made in the scientific part of his profession, by an admirable chart which he constructed and published of the river St. Lawrence. He felt, however, the disadvantages of his ignorance of mathematics; and, while still assisting in the hostile operations carrying on against the

French on the coast of North America, he applied himself to the study of Euclid's Elements, which he soon mastered, and then began that of astronomy. A year or two after this, while again stationed in the same quarter, he communicated to the Royal Society an account of a solar eclipse which took place on the 5th of August, 1766: deducing from it, with great exactness and skill, the longitude of the place of observation; and his paper was printed in the Philosophical Transactions. He had now completely established his reputation as an able and scientific seaman; and it having been determined by government, at the request of the Royal Society, to send out qualified persons to the South Sea to observe the approaching transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disc—a phenomenon which promised several interesting results to astronomy,—Cook was appointed to the command of the *Endeavour*, the vessel fitted out for that purpose. He conducted this expedition, which, in addition to the accomplishment of its principal purpose, was productive of a large accession of important geographical discoveries, with the most consummate skill and ability; and was, the year after he returned home, appointed to the command of a second vessel destined for the same regions, but having in view more particularly the determination of the question as to the existence of a southern polar continent. He was nearly three years absent upon this voyage; but so admirable were the methods he adopted for preserving the health of his seamen, that he reached home with the loss of only one man from his whole crew. Having addressed a paper to the Royal Society upon this subject, he was not only chosen a member of that learned body, but

was farther rewarded by having the Copley gold medal voted to him for his experiments. Of this second voyage he drew up the account himself, and it has been universally esteemed a model in that species of writing.

All our readers know the termination of Cook's distinguished career. His third voyage, undertaken for the discovery of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific along the north coast of America, although unsuccessful in reference to this object, was fertile in geographical discovery, and equally honorable with those by which it had been preceded, to the sagacity, good management, and scientific skill of its unfortunate commander. The death of Captain Cook took place at Owyhee, in a sudden tumult of the natives of that island, on the 14th of February, 1779. The news of the event was received with general lamentation, not only in his own country but throughout Europe. Pensions were bestowed on his widow and three sons by the government; the Royal Society ordered a medal to be struck in commemoration of him; his eulogy was pronounced in the Florentine Academy; and various other honors were paid to his memory, both by public bodies and individuals.—Thus, by his own presevering efforts, did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all his fame—than either the honors he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory,—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for himself by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among

the instructors and benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness—the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition—the only satisfying reward of all labor, and study, and virtuous activity or endurance. Among the shipmates with whom Cook mixed when he first went to sea, there was, perhaps, no one who ever either raised himself above the condition to which he then belonged in point of outward circumstances, or enlarged in any considerable degree the knowledge or mental resources he then possessed. And some will perhaps say that this was little to be regretted, at least, on their own account; that the many who spent their lives in their original sphere were probably as happy as the one who succeeded in rising above it; but this is, indeed, to cast a hasty glance on human life and human nature. That man was never truly happy—happy upon reflection, and while looking to the past or to the future—who could not say to himself that he had made something of the faculties God gave him, and had not lived altogether without progression, like one of the inferior animals. We do not speak of mere wealth or station; these are comparatively nothing; are as often missed as attained, even by those who best merit them; and do not of themselves constitute happiness when they are possessed. But there must be some consciousness of an intellectual or moral progress, or there can be no satisfaction—no self-congratulation on reviewing what of life may be already gone—no hope in the prospect of what is yet to come. All men feel this, and feel it strongly; and if they could secure for themselves the source of happiness in question by a wish, would avail themselves of the privilege with sufficient alacrity. Nobody would pass his life in ignorance, if knowledge might be had by



merely looking up to the clouds for it; it is the labor necessary for its acquirement that scares them; and this labor they have not resolution to encounter. Yet it is, in truth, from the exertion by which it must be obtained that knowledge derives at least half its value; for to this entirely we owe the sense of merit in ourselves which the acquisition brings along with it; and hence no little of the happiness which we have just described its possession to be the source, besides that, the labor itself soon becomes an enjoyment.

To the example of Cook, if it were necessary, we might add those of others of his countrymen, who, since his time, have shown, in like manner, the possibility of uniting the cultivation of literature and science to the most zealous performance of the duties of the same laborious profession. For instance, *Vancouver* was a sailor formed under Cook; and to him we owe an interesting and ably written account of the voyage which he made around the world, in 1790, and the four following years. Lieutenant *Flinders* commanded the expedition sent out in 1801, to survey the coast of New Holland, and afterwards published an account of his voyage, accompanied by a volume of charts, which are considered as placing the author in the highest rank of modern hydrographers. Nor ought we here to forget the late Lord *Collingwood*, second in command to Nelson at Trafalgar, and, in all respects, a man of first-rate merit, who, although he never sent any productions to the press, has been proved by his correspondence, published since his death, to have been in reality one of the best of writers. Yet he was only thirteen when he first entered the navy, and during the remainder of his life he was scarcely ever ashore—circum-

stances which used to make his acquaintances wonder not a little where he got his style. He had always, however, been fond of reading and the study of elegant literature; and he found that even a life at sea afforded him many opportunities of indulging his taste for these enjoyments.

It does not belong to the plan of this work to notice any living examples; but the names of a crowd of naval officers of our own times, who have distinguished themselves as men of science and learning, as well as skillful commanders, will present themselves at once to the memory.

*Western Pilot.*

### **‘Another Sacred link now binds me to the Sea.’**

Westbrook, Ct., Aug. 10th, 1854.

Sir: As another volume of your excellent Magazine is now finished, I am reminded of the duty of subscribing for the ensuing year. I enclose 2 dollars as payment in advance for two copies. I have felt ever deeply interested in the class of our fellow men whose condition you are seeking to improve; somewhat selfishly perhaps, since two years ago I became a sailor's wife. But alas for those whose dearest friends find a home upon the ocean! One year ago to-morrow the ocean which had long been his home became his grave. He escaped the pestilential breath of New Orleans only to die when almost home. Another sacred link now binds me to the sea, for there he sleeps the sleep which knows no waking. Excuse the freedom of one who is personally a stranger. A heart full of bitter grief must be my apology.

Respectfully yours,

C. E. W.



## Extracts from the Annual Report of the Am. B. S.

### SYRACUSE AND VICINITY.

The Missionary. C. T. Beach, says:

It is the testimony of the citizens of this place, that there is a manifest improvement in the character of the Boatmen during the last few years.

But with all that there is to encourage faithful Missionary labor on this Canal, there are some obstacles to our work which, so long as they are suffered to exist, to my mind well nigh preclude the hope of elevating Boatmen to a level with other laboring classes of our citizens; and foremost among these obstacles is *the opening of the Locks on the Sabbath*. I am fully persuaded that this wholesale desecration of the Lord's Day by the *authority of the People of the State*, is the greatest obstacle to Missionary labor with which we are called to contend. With a very few honorable exceptions, the Sabbath is entirely disregarded by Boatmen on the Erie Canal. And at every lock, men are employed and paid by the officers of this State for violating the Sabbath. If the opening of these locks on the Sabbath was a private and unauthorized desecration of the Lord's Day it would be comparatively harmless and innocent, but it received the *high and solemn* sanction of the *People, of the State of New York*. And aside from any influence that this has upon Boatmen, it appears to me that

if there is any one sin of which as a commonwealth we are guilty, that calls to Heaven for vengeance more loudly than every other, it is this legalized desecration of the Sabbath. If the locks were closed on the Sabbath, Boatmen would have the same opportunity of enjoying the institutions of religion that other men have, and I have no doubt that a large proportion of them would gladly avail themselves of this privilege. Boatmen are by nature no worse than farmers or mechanics, and if they are not as moral and respectable it is due to the adverse circumstances by which they are surrounded. Most of them feel that it is a hardship to be compelled to continue their ordinary labors on the Sabbath, and several have expressed to me a determination to leave the Canal on that account. And if every Boatman on the Erie Canal should be converted this year, nineteen twentieths of them would leave the Canal at the close of navigation, and their places would be supplied by a class of men no better than they had been; and next year we should have the same work to do over again. When a Boatman is converted, instead of remaining to exercise a salutary influence upon his associates, he at once feels a desire to engage in some more innocent and honorable employment. The Sabbath desecration of which they are guilty, compels Boatmen to feel that they are doing a dishonorable and degrading business.



A vast amount of good undoubtedly has been and is still being done under the present unfavorable circumstances; but no permanent cure will ever be effected for the evils with which this Canal is beset, until the locks are closed on the Sabbath.

Another very great obstacle to the moral improvement of Boatmen—so far as Syracuse is concerned—is furnished by the miserable grogeries with which the Canal is lined. Of the number of these moral charnel-houses, I have no definite idea. Suffice it to say, "their name is legion." And all attempts on my part to do justice to the character of these back doors of the infernal pit, would be utterly futile. The external appearance merely is sufficient to sicken the heart of any but the most abandoned. It is due however to the Boatmen to say that these dens of infamy are not only suffered, but supported to a greater extent by the citizens of this place than by them.

But these obstacles, instead of disheartening the supporters of the Bethel cause, should present an additional reason for persevering effort in behalf of Boatmen; and it is gratifying to be able to testify that amid all the discouraging circumstances connected with Bethel labors in this place, there are many good men here who feel a deep interest in the welfare of Boatmen and the success of our Society. Among them, Mr. Ira H. Cobb, a merchant of this city, deserves an honorable mention. He has been accustomed, as I learn, for some years past, to spend more or less time among the Boatmen, and, as I have reason to believe, has been a faithful and efficient laborer.

#### WEST TROY STATION.

The Missionary, A. H. Mather, says:

I found many too who had never yet experienced the joys of pardoning love, here seeking the Savior. So it appears that God is even here doing his work of converting souls. There are many truly devoted christians on the Canal—there are many more needed here, for the success of the cause of Christ than any thing else;

and it is to the influence of these, more than to any other instrumentality, that we are to look for the prosperity of Christ's kingdom on these waters. For inasmuch as Jesus Christ found it necessary to clothe himself in human flesh when he came to preach to men, in order that he might preach by his practice and practice by his teaching the doctrine which he taught, so there must ever be a common bond between the preachers and the hearers; so it will require the walk and conversation of Boatmen to effectually illustrate the truths of religion to Boatmen, if not the mouths of boatmen to proclaim them. That is, Christianity, or at least a Christian influence must be imparted before any great or permanent good can be done. 'Tis true that the morals on the canal now are infinitely better than they were ten or fifteen years ago; but still I am in doubts if with all the exertions of Missionaries and other Christian influences brought to bear, there is any actual progress made; that is, if there are more brought to Christ than are led away from him. But if christians can have the assurance that this or even the half of it is accomplished, they should be encouraged to persevere in the work, for even this is a great performance, and like the fruits of all truly christian works, one far exceeding the efforts put forth. But great as it is, it is gaining nothing; it is rowing with a force barely equal to the opposing current. While those who are at ease in Zion may on the one hand content themselves with the consolation that we are losing nothing, those who are zealous for the Lord, will on the other hand find cause to mourn that we are gaining nothing. To make advancement then, as we before said, christianity must be imparted. The question then comes up—how is this to be done? How are christians to be induced to come on the Canal? The first and main part of the answer is, that there must be measures taken to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath. Nothing is more shocking to the sensibilities of a true christian than this vice; yet nothing prevails to a more alarming

degree from one end of the Canal to the other. The peculiarity of my station being (as it was at the junction of the canals) somewhat different in nature, gave me ample opportunity of weighing the facts of this vice.

The Northern Canal from its shortness enables those going on it to make one or two trips during a week, and yet get back in time to spend the Sabbath at home. Many more christians than otherwise would be, are thus induced to come on this Canal, and the influence which they exert— notwithstanding they are absent from the Canal on Sabbath, the very time they are most needed—is truly a salutary one. The Western Canal on the contrary is so long that it takes three or four weeks to make a trip on it, and as there is nothing to prevent boats running it on the Sabbath, there are very few that lie up on that day. This prevents christians from venturing on this Canal, and the want of their influence is deplorably felt.— The difference now between the moral and religious state of the person on these two canals, (small as is the preponderance of religious influence in favor of the Northern Canal) is manifest to every one—it may be seen in the steersmen, the bowsmen, and the drivers; and even the *Line drivers*, who are common to both Canals, when towing a northern boat, seem to be under a restraint which they do not feel on the Western Canal.— We therefore think that the first step towards bringing christians on the canal is to stop entirely the running of boats on the Sabbath. And the next is to set the business of boating in its true light. Boating is in reality as necessary, as honest and as honorable an occupation as any other, but still it is almost universally cried down, and Boatmen are regarded as a low class in society. This gives the business in general the appearance of evil, and as christians feel themselves conscientiously bound to “shun all appearance of evil,” they feel that coming on the canal is overstepping the leading of conscience; hence it is that there are so many backsliders on the canal; hence it is

that you so frequently hear them say that “a man cannot be a boatman and a christian at the same time.” This to persons not acquainted with the actual state of affairs may seem improbable, but they will only have to examine the matter to be convinced that it has much weight.

MORRIS CANAL, N. J.

The Missionary, D. M. James, says:

The field assigned me by your society, was the line of the Morris Canal, extending from Newark to Easton, a distance of 100 miles. My charge, in some respects, was important and interesting. Important in that it had for its design the welfare of immortal souls, and interesting because it was composed of young men and boys for the most part. Comparatively few had advanced far in life.

#### *Plan of Operation.*

My first step in this work was to call at the Collector's Office at the west end of the line, and record in a book which I provided, the names of all the boats in alphabetical order, and if numbered, to write their numbers in order, leaving opposite each name or number, a place for the Captain's name and for remarks. By this means I soon became acquainted with a large number of the boatmen and with their characters. This is important in this kind of missionary work, for by thus becoming acquainted with the different characters, I could adapt my remarks and tracts to each one of them, to a better advantage. After becoming acquainted with them and they with me, I could also work with more success.

Before the close of my labors, I had the names of the larger part of the captains of these boats, and also the places where they lived. And I knew more about their character than they supposed I did. The most prominent features of a boatman are not hard to discover. Some of them mistook me for a supervisor on the canal.— They thought I knew too much about the boats, names and places for a missionary. The boats numbered 670. My plans of operating were various. Sometimes I would go with



them on their boats, sometimes I would remain stationary at the Locks or Planes, and give them tracts and a word of advice as they would go through.

The Morris Canal Company furnished \$50 to purchase bibles to supply the boats, one for each boat. The bible was to be kept in the cabin, as a fixture of the boat. These bibles I had under my control. They purposed at first, to leave them at the locks and let each one take a bible as he passed, but this would have been a bad policy. The different bible societies along, also furnished some bibles, so that the word of God was freely scattered along the Morris Canal.—Several of the lock tenders remarked to me that such a summer for bibles had never been before.

When I distributed these, I would take my station at the Plane house, and when a boat would come into the car I would get on the boat and call the men around me, and talk with them while the car was going down, something after this language.—“Well, Captain, how are you to-day? Here is a bible which I wish you to take and put on your boat as the property of your boat. I hope you will read it and try to follow its teachings as nearly as you can. It will teach you how to live and how to die.—You are in the days of your youth.—It is full of promises to the young.—‘I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.’

“You are surrounded with many temptations and snares which are too apt to ruin the young. This will teach you how to avoid temptation and become happy.”

Thus I distributed three hundred and seventy-four bibles. This was something new to the boatmen. It set them to thinking, and I am convinced that many received impressions that they will not soon forget. Toward the close of the season I met with several who told me that the bible had done them good, that they read it often. Sometimes I would get discouraged, it is true, when I would see young men going down to the dark world as fast as time and dissipation would carry them, and so

little concerned about their souls!—But I had the Word of God in my hand, and when I read, “For the Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword,” I thought it might reach their case. And again when I would read of the comparison of a world to the soul, and that a man would profit nothing should he gain the world and lose his soul, I felt encouraged, believing that if I could be the means of turning one soul to Christ. I would be a thousand fold rewarded for all my labor.

This canal company does not permit the boats to run on the Sabbath, but the locks are shut and the planes stopped at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, consequently they are shut in the short levels wherever they happen to be, and not many can be gathered together on the Sabbath. I kept a journal of nearly each day's proceedings, and will copy a few extracts from it.

“Tuesday, May 10.—I met with a man who said that he had no bible, but that he would like to have one. I gave him one. He treated me with much kindness; spoke of the temptations and vices common on the canal, and desired to co-operate in doing anything to better their condition.

Sunday, May 29.—I went along the canal in the afternoon, and visited some of the boats which laid there, (at Stewartsville.) I met with an old man who said he was a Methodist.—He appeared to be a christian. He was delighted to see me. I gave him and his son some tracts. He had been to church that morning in the village. He blessed me and hoped that I would be the means of doing good.

I then went to a boat where I met three young men sitting on a box. I approached them and was kindly received. I gave them some good advice and a few tracts. Then I went on board of a boat where three boys were playing cards. I went down into the cabin and talked to them of the sin they were guilty of—breaking God's holy day. They put their cards away and took some tracts.—They are hard subjects—the gospel of Jesus can, however, subdue their hard hearts.

Wednesday, June 15.—I met with a little boy to-day from Paterson. I was pleased with him. I commenced speaking to him about the value of his soul, and of the great danger he was in among so many wicked boys that were on the canal. After a little conversation with him I soon discovered he did not feel at home among them.—His heart had not yet become so hard as most of them are. I asked him if his mother was willing that he should work on the canal? He began to cry, which led me to make further inquiries into his history. He said that his father died when he was five years old; that his mother had six children, and was so poor that she could not keep them all at home. I urged him to avoid bad company as much as he could, to keep the Sabbath holy, and to ask God to give him a new heart and a better place to labor. He asked me to pray for him. I am sure that an impression was made upon his mind which he will remember until his dying day. The impression made on my own mind I shall never forget." I might make several more extracts, but I fear that I have made too many already.

These are enough to show that the work is a great and good work, and one which may be the means of saving souls. I can say in conclusion, that although I had many things to discourage me, yet I had more to encourage me. Eternity alone can reveal the results of this work. May the great Head of the Church, without whose blessing nothing can prosper, bless the distribution of his word, the tracts, and the good advice, is the desire of your Missionary.

#### HUDSON RIVER.

The Chaplain, Rev. John Gray, says:

"Again, as I was walking one day along the wharf, in company with a friend, I saw a drunken boatman wandering towards those sinks of hell, where so many boatmen and sailors as well as landmen, have been ruined for time and eternity.—"That man," said my friend, (referring to the drunken sailor) "has a classic education; he is one of the best mechanics I ever knew. I heard

him make one of the most eloquent speeches on Infidelity I ever heard. He has been a man of wealth; he has a wife and family, but they have left him and are residing with her father."

I conversed with him and invited him to attend a religious meeting that evening. I invited him to attend a prayer meeting with me the next evening. He did so. That evening he signed the pledge of Temperance, became serious and soon found peace in believing in Jesus. He is now an honored member of the church, and is very prosperous in business. His wife and children have returned to live with him. I saw them all in church a few Sabbaths since.

#### Chaplaincy.

LAHAINA, June 16th, 1853.

Dear Sir,

Although my labors during the past Spring were for a considerable time interrupted by a severe illness, (a typhoid fever) I was in the favor of God, enabled to engage in my active duties for some time before our shipping season came to a close. The opportunity for labor was great, and it was a trial to let so much of it escape unimproved. God often warns us very emphatically, in this way, to do our work while we have the power. The case of Rev. T. E. Taylor, my esteemed predecessor in this post, confirms this warning and makes it still more personal. After a few years of diligent and successful labor in these Islands, Bro. T. has been suddenly and, no doubt permanently silenced by the hand of God. He will probably never preach again.

But to return to my work in Lahaina. Between ninety and one hundred ships have visited us this Spring, many of them direct from home. The last of them sailed three weeks ago. It is interesting to go among these crews fresh from home, and see so many young, fresh American faces, brown and glowing with exposure and labor. What material there is here, for able seamen, skilful officers, enterprising and influential captains, mature and high minded men, cultivated and active Christians, kings and priests to God in



heaven. And alas, how many of these are shattered and lost even before their ships have returned home. Disease, vice, casualty, hardship, the hardness of other men, these things make wild work among this gallant fleet of souls. How one's heart goes up in strong prayer to God the Saviour, to save these souls beset with perils!

Many of these young men find their way into the U. S. Hospital of this port. There are now a large number in the Hospital who left home last Autumn, and made their first voyage around Cape Horn. Some come to repair enfeebled health, some to "see the world," and have seen the billows, the berths of a fore-castle, and the four walls of a sick ward. A good many can hardly tell why they came; believe they were on a spree when they shipped. Now and then we find a lad from the Lakes, who wanted to try the salt water. There are all trades among them, printers, tailors, carpenters, tin-men &c. &c. In fact, almost all the craftsmen, and even half the farmers and mercantile men on the Islands came out here in the fore-castle of a ship. Probably several of those now in the Hospital will remain a while in the country. Some of them are already employed in their trades, though not entirely recovered, while two or three of the stoutest have lately been assisting in the wheat harvest on East Maui, where wheat farming has for the first time on these islands been undertaken on a considerable scale. I hope to recreate myself a few days next week, in the cool air, and luxuriant fields, and beautiful glades of that charming district. I think often how much good it would do these poor sick lads, if they could get over there. They would think themselves back in their own New-England homes. Most of them are recovering. A few I fear will never recover. Three are wasting away with consumption, with little more than the faintest possibility of a cure. In a few months we shall be called to stand around their graves, and bury them out of our sight. Two of them are I hope, assured of the favor of God. The third is in an anxious, I believe a striving state of

mind. I believe and trust God will yet shew him the light of his forgiving face. He tells me that he is praying and seeking God, but his heart is hard, and he does not feel. Of the former two, one is a member of a Baptist church in Albany, apparently an earnest and consistent christian. There are yet some hopes of his recovery, and we earnestly hope his valuable life may be spared. The other, Johnson, has found hope in God since he came to the hospital, and as he lies pale and wasted on his bed, his large dark eyes beam with pleasure and confidence, as he tells me, when I greet him, that God had been with him.

In my labors at the Hospital, I have an opposing influence to encounter, of rather an unusual character. You may be interested to hear about it. It is *Mormonism*. I do not yet know whether to attach much importance to it as an obstacle. The Mormon elder in Lahaina has until last winter, chiefly confined his efforts to the natives. During my absence at Honolulu for a few weeks, and subsequent illness, he diligently improved his opportunity, to establish an influence among the men, and succeeded to some extent. He is said to be a man of correct morals, and during a former residence here, previous to his becoming a Mormon, was well esteemed. In the propagation of his doctrines, however, he does not hesitate at falsehood. Even as lately as last January, he repeatedly denied that the Mormons held to, and practised Polygamy; a falsehood which laid his character open to an easy exposure. Now, he is advocating it, and circulating tracts and pamphlets published at Deseret and Washington, in its favor. For a few weeks past he has been permitted to preach at the Hospital, having received an invitation to do so from an under-steward. Most of the men listen to him occasionally, as far as I can learn, out of mere curiosity, as I have conversed with none, who seemed at all affected by his reasonings, although they represent him to be quite plausible. It is my belief, that he will effect nothing, unless it be to divert attention from the truth, and I am not sure but he will set the men to thinking and

seeking after the truth. It is too gross and disgusting an imposture often to carry weight even with very ignorant men, and such are not a majority of those at the hospital. Some of them are highly intelligent, and will influence the opinions of the whole.

Meantime I have to thank God that my own labors are accepted and appreciated, and that some unfavorable opinions, circulated among them during my absence, have been done away. May God bless his own word, and confound the craft of wicked men.

Yours truly,  
S. E. Bishop,  
*Seamen's Chaplain.*

### **The Swearer Rebuked by a Child.**

It was excursion day, and the cars were nearly full, when a lady, evidently in ill health, entered, leading a little son of four or five years.

She paused and looked round in vain for a vacant seat. The gentleman by my side, perceiving her embarrassment sprang to his feet, and politely offered his seat, which was accepted with a grateful acknowledgement.

She was about to take the little boy in her arms, when a gentleman on the opposite side extended his hands, saying, with a winning smile, "Come here, my boy, come and sit down upon my knee, I am better able to hold you than your mother is."

The child looked up for his mother's consent, then joyfully sprang to the seat so kindly offered. For some few moments the gentleman amused himself by asking the child all manner of questions, drawing out his curious ideas, and listening with satisfaction to his artless replies.

Soon, however, his attention was drawn to an article in the paper he had just laid aside, and giving the boy some sweetmeats, he entered into an earnest political discussion with another gentleman by his side.—At first it seemed they only sought amusement, and jokes and laughter were frequently intermingled with argument. But the contest gradually waxed stronger until at length jokes were exchanged for profanity.

The boy had been very happy with his new friend, but when the first profane word was uttered, he looked up with astonishment. Tears gathered in his large black eyes, and laying the watch carefully aside, which had been given to him by the gentleman for his amusement, he slipped quietly to the floor, and fled to his mother.

"Where are you going, my dear?" exclaimed the gentleman, as he saw him moving off. "Come back, my boy, come back, I thought you were very happy a few moments since, what is the matter now?—Come, you are a fine fellow, come and see what I can find for you in my pocket." But the boy clung to his mother, utterly refusing the extended hand.

"Well, now," exclaimed the gentleman with evident chagrin, "this is very strange. I do not understand it. Come, my boy, tell me why you left me."

"Tell the gentleman, my dear," said his mother encouragingly, "why you do not wish to sit by him."

"Because" said he, as he straightened himself back, and summoned all his resolution for the effort, "The Bible says we must not sit in the seat of the scorner."

The gentleman looked confounded. For a moment the blood rushed to his high expansive brow, and I thought he was angry. The mother was also surprised. She had not expected such a reply. But the man instantly regained his composure, and pleasantly said, "I hope you do not call me a scorner."

The boy leaned his head upon his mother's shoulder, but made no reply. "Come tell me," continued he, "why do you call me a scorner?" The child looked up and simply but earnestly said, while a large tear stole quietly down his cheek, "I don't like, sir, to hear you swear so!"

"Oh! that is it, is it? Well," continued he, as the mother pressed her son to her bosom, and bowed her head to hide her tears which were starting in her own eyes, "come back and sit with me, and I promise you I will never swear again."

"Won't you," asked the child earnestly, "then I shall love you very much indeed." Saying this, he al-



lowed the gentleman again to place him on his knee; but it was quite plain to be seen he did not go back with the joyfulness with which he had at first taken the seat.

The gentleman saw this. He felt that he had lowered himself in the estimation of that innocent and noble-minded boy. The thought evidently gave him pain; and he did all he could to efface from his mind the unpleasant impression.

In explanation to this affecting scene his mother said it was her custom to read a chapter in the Bible every morning to her son, explaining it as she could, and then pray with him. That morning she had read the first Psalm, and when explaining to him the character of a scorner, among other vices she had mentioned profanity. Not fully comprehending the subject, but resolved at all events to do right, he thought it was really a sinful act to sit for one moment with a man who had taken God's name in vain.

When, oh, when will mothers realize the vast amount of influence they are capable of exerting over their children? When will they realize the strength and permanence of those impressions received in childhood?—[S. W. Baptist.]

### Letters from Polynesia.

*Celebration of July 4th in Honolulu—Slavery—Death of Mr. S. Irwin and Mr. Jason Holmes.*

Honolulu, July 8, 1854.

Our season for Anniversaries and public gatherings has just closed in Honolulu. The celebration of the 4th of July was the last and most imposing. Although Americans are, even at the Sandwich Islands, divided up into parties, yet, for once party and sectarian feeling was nearly (although not quite) smothered, and all claiming the name of Americans, united to celebrate the day in a manner corresponding to the noble sentiments which are inculcated in the Declaration of Independence. The

day was celebrated upon a more extended scale, and with greater public demonstration than on any former occasion. The long cherished and deeply felt love for their native land burst forth in a manner highly gratifying to their national pride.

I am most happy to record the fact that order, sobriety and propriety characterised the proceedings. The most interesting feature of the procession was the car containing thirty-two young misses, dressed in white, and wearing wreaths of flowers upon their heads. Each one wore a scarf, inscribed with the name of the State which she represented. As there are but 31 States, it was a novel but quite appropriate idea that the District of Columbia should be represented.

The eloquent oration of the Hon. D. L. Gregg occupied a full hour in the delivery, but there was no indication of weariness on the part of the audience. The enthusiastic applauses which frequently interrupted the orator showed that his patriotic and American sentiments found a cordial response in the hearts of the large audience. The literary merits of the oration were of a high order. The orator, most opportunely, made a clear and eloquent exposition of the great and leading principles of the Government of the United States, showing most conclusively that the policy of the general Government towards the individual States and territories, was admirably adapted to develop the resources of the country, elevate the people, and promote the highest welfare of the individual citizen and the nation at large. The oration was decidedly well timed, well written, and well delivered.

The following Programme of the Procession, will serve to show the readers of the magazine, that there must have been a general "turn out," among the inhabitants of Honolulu. "The people were there."

#### PROGRAMME OF PROCESSION.

AID. CHIEF MARSHALL. AID.  
Band, First Hawaiian Guard, Officiating Clergyman, Orator of the

Day, Reverend Clergy, Military Officers of the Hawaiian Islands, First Hawaiian Cavalry, Civil Officers of the Hawaiian Islands, Consuls and Representatives of Foreign Governments, Heads of Departments, Members of the House of Nobles and House of Representatives, Fire Department, Mechanic Engine Company N<sup>o</sup>. 2, Ty Pong Tong Engine Company, Chief of Police, Members of Police, Judges of the Courts, Members of the Bar, Medical Faculty, Captains and Shipmasters in Port, Mariners, Boats' Crews, Independent Engine Company Young America, Representatives of States of the United States, United States Citizens, Foreign Citizens, Hawaiian Citizens, Marshals.

It is highly gratifying that no accidents occurred to mar the joyous scenes of these festivities. The truth is, in Honolulu there is a public sentiment upon these matters which speaks well for the people. The natives are seldom if ever seen intoxicated. The general impression made by the celebration was most happy, and so far as the Honolulu public is concerned, "annexation" would not be regarded as a great calamity!! Provided however, no part of the curse of slavery should be visited upon us. The "Nebraska bill," would find few advocates in this part of the world. I felt but one draw back, in the celebration of the 4th of July, and that was, the abominable fact, that slavery should exist in the United States. What grieves me most of all is, that slavery seems becoming more and more a "National" and not a "Sectional" sin. Whenever I think upon the subject, it makes me almost ashamed of the very name of American! The Lord hasten the day when the foul stain shall be removed and when Americans may stand forth before the world and by their *practice* proclaim, that "all men are free and equal."

Almost every arrival from the coast brings more or less persons who visit our shores for their health, but I am sorry to say, that in most instances they come to die. Disease has too far progressed before they seek in a milder climate, to regain their wasting health and strength. It becomes my painful duty to see many of these persons during their last moments, and after they are gone, to perform for them, the last sad rites of a christian burial. It is sad to see so many young men cut down in the midst of their days; and more sad to witness the indifference of most of them, upon the subject of their soul's highest welfare. It is not always so, I rejoice to know. Recently I was called to visit a person by the name of Irwin. The following brief obituary I copy from the Island papers;

"In Honolulu, June 29th, Mr. S. Irwin, of Consumption. Mr. I arrived here sick, on the 23d of April, in the clipper ship *Lightfoot*, from California, where, we understand, he has friends residing. With the bright and sustaining hopes of the Christian, Mr. I. passed from a world of sorrow and suffering, to one where sickness and death are unknown.

The deceased was a native, I believe, of Pennsylvania, but previous to going to California, had resided in Westfield, N. Y., where some of his friends are now living. It was most gratifying to visit this young man during his last moments. For days his mind was blessed with the calmness and serenity of heaven. At his particular request, I administered to him, the holy sacrament. It was the first and last time, that he ever partook of the memorials of a Savior's dying love—A few christian friends were present on the occasion, and I doubt not they will remember the scene as partaking of the heavenly.



Another similar instance occurred a few months ago. It was that of a Mr. Jason Holmes, from California, but originally from Plymouth, Massachusetts. For several weeks, this man lingered among us, to tell and testify of the power of the Gospel to sustain a dying sinner. It was refreshing to turn aside from the busy and careless world, and to spend a few moments in the chamber of this sick man. The visitor felt that he was treading upon "the verge of heaven." It appears to me, I never witnessed such perfect resignation and peaceful assurance. Although neither of these men said it, still I feel that they might have done so, "Come and see how a christian can die."

Yours truly,  
S. C. D.

### **Daniel Webster's First Case.**

PLEA FOR A POOR WOODCHUCK.

From the Boston Traveller.

I well remember hearing my father tell the following anecdote, illustrative of the early genius of the great Statesman:

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden had suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole and habitation was near the premises.—Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his older brother Ezekiel, had set a trap and finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal and end at once all further trouble from him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon this meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him again go free. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case. "Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be the Judge. There is the prisoner, (pointing to the woodchuck) and you shall be the counsel and plead the case for and against his life and liberty.

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischie-

vous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done, said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now if he was suffered to live and go again at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to suffer himself to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; and his skin was of some value, and that to make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood. "Now, Daniel, it is your turn; I'll hear what you have to say."

'Twas his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the Judge, and as his large, brilliant black eyes looked upon the soft timid expression of the animal, and as he saw it tremble with fear in its narrow prison house, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; he had made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunlight, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God has not made him or any thing in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to live as any other living thing; he was not a destructive animal, as the wolf and fox were; he simply eat a few common vegetables, of which they had a plenty and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food upon his mother's table. God furnished their own food; he gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature, who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty, as they themselves had to their portion; yea, more: the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but strictly followed

the simple, harmless instincts he had received from the hand of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hands, he had a right, a right from God, to life, to food, to liberty; and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him, as their own was to them; and the just judgement they might expect, if in selfish cruelty and cold heartlessness they took the life they could not restore again, the life that God alone had given.

During this appeal the tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks! every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes: he felt that God had blessed him in his children beyond the lot of common men; his pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion, and the strong appeal for mercy; and forgetting the Judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair, (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won the case) and turning to his older son, dashing the tears from his eyes, exclaimed, "*Zeke, Zeke, you let that wood-chuck go!*"

### Old Lester.

On Friday morning, at the opening of the last session of the late meeting of the American Board, Mr. Treat said:—

We are now about to separate. I have been designated by my associates to strike the key-note of this meeting, but I dare not do it. I will introduce by my remarks an humble individual, who will do it in my stead. When I was in the Choctaw country, Mr. Kingsbury said to me, There is one living among us whom I wish you to see before you leave. He is an old slave, and is called Old Lester. I do not know but he prayed the Choctaw Mission into existence. I went into his cabin, and sat down by his side, and he gave me an account of his life. He was born on the Coast of Africa, was seized and sold as a slave, and carried to Savannah. He

went to a Georgia plantation, where he lived for some time. And here we begin to see the design of that mysterious providence which had suffered him to be sold into slavery, and had sent him to this lard. He lost his liberty that he might become a free man in Christ. He was converted, and afterwards sold to a Chickasaw planter, who feared not God. He said he would stop the negro's praying. He threatened, but Lester said, "Massa, me can't help praying."—His master told him if he did not stop, he would shoot him, but he heeded not the threat. The master loaded his gun, raised it, and was just about to shoot, when a son-in-law threw it up, and saved his life, and he was then suffered to pray. While I was in his cabin, we had a season of prayer, during which Old Lester used this expression ten times, "carry the gospel to every nason." This I give as the key note of this meeting, the prayer of old Lester, "carry the Gospel to every nason."

### The Sailor's Bible,

The following transcript from the fly-leaf of a brave officer's Bible tells a simple tale of the dangers of a seaman's life, and the source of his confidence in the hour of his greatest trial, whether battling with the elements or his country's foe. It is as follows:—"This Bible was presented to me by Mr. Raikes at the town of Hertford, January 1781, as a reward for my punctual attendance at the Sunday-school, and good behaviour when there. And after being my companion fifty-three years,—forty-one of which I spent in the sea service, during which time I was in forty-five engagements, received thirteen wounds, was three times shipwrecked, once burnt out, twice capsized in a boat, and had fevers of different sorts fifteen times—this Bible was my consolation, and was newly bound for me by James Bishop, of Edinburgh, on the 26th of October 1834, the day I completed the sixtieth year of my age; as witness my hand."—*Deeds of Naval Daring.*



## Sailor's Home and Bethel Church in Mobile.

Every well directed effort for the temporal or spiritual welfare of seamen, should be regarded as a benefit to commerce and to large commercial cities. If seamen are sober and trustworthy, they are more valuable as public carriers, and their influence is salutary in our sea-ports; but if they are left to the corrupting influence to which seamen are generally exposed, we may expect contrary results. It will be seen by a card below, that the good people of Mobile are making laudable efforts in behalf of the 20,000 seamen and boatmen that annually visit that port. They have purchased a substantial ship, and fitted her up for a Bethel and Hospital—placed a chaplain and physician in her, in the person of Rev. John Gridley, M. D.—and anchored her in the Lower Bay, some thirty miles below the city. They have bought and paid for a commodious lot in the city, on which they design to erect a substantial Sailor's Home and a Bethel Church. To accomplish this, they need help, and have sent their Chaplain, Rev. Alex. McGlashan, to receive such donations as the friends of the cause, in this city and elsewhere may be willing to make. The object is unquestionably a good one, and we commend it to the favorable regard and support of our merchants, and citizens generally.

MOBILE, August 1st., 1854.

The Mobile Bethel Committee, at their last meeting, determined to raise twenty thousand dollars to erect a new Sailors' Home and Bethel Church; the present Sailor's Home being much dilapidated and inadequate to accommodate the large number of seamen who crowd our port, and the valuable lot which they now own being of sufficient size for a commodious Home and Church for seamen. In view of the heavy expenses which they have recently borne, in connection with the American Seaman's Friend Society, in purchasing and fitting up a ship for a Hospital and Bethel in the Lower Bay, besides the ordinary annual expenses of the cause

here, they have commissioned their chaplain, the Rev. Alexander McGlashan, as their financial agent, to make arrangements with the American Seamen's Friend Society to visit our commercial cities and the friends of seamen generally, to solicit donations, in order to raise the necessary funds to complete this noble enterprise; and they would cordially commend their Agent, Rev. A. McGlashan, and the cause he advocates, to the confidence of all the friends of seamen.

(Copied.) W. STEWART,  
President.

J. W. HOLMES, Secretary.  
New York, October 5, 1854.

We cheerfully recommend the object referred to in the above statement. GARDINER SPRING.

We take pleasure in saying that in our judgment no man deserves more entirely the confidence and liberal aid of the friends of seamen than the Rev. Mr. McGlashan. The object he here presents, is one of the most important.

Oct. 5, 1854.

ISAAC FERRIS,  
S. H. TYNG,  
W. W. PHILLIPS,  
THOS. H. SKINNER JR.,

We cheerfully concur in the above, as we know that a Sailors' Home and Bethel are of great importance in Mobile, and we would commend the object. (Copied.) E. RICHARDSON,  
NATH. BRIGGS.

Rev. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

" ASA SMITH, D. D.,  
" THOMAS DE WITT, D. D.,  
" M. S. HUTTON, D. D.,  
" WILLIAM WILLIAMS, D. D.,  
" GEORGE L. PRENTICE, D. D.,  
" GEO. POTTS, D. D.,  
" GEO. B. CHEEVER, D. D.,

In a recent trial before the U. S. District Court, Philadelphia, Judge Kane said: "Rum has sunk more seamen than all the tempests that ever blew."

Real greatness is not greater for the praise of men; it is what it is in spite of them.

# NAVAL JOURNAL.

---

## A Thrilling Sea Story.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

It was at the close of a stormy day, in the year 1835, when the gallant frigate *Constitution*, under the command of Capt. Elliot, having on board the late Edward Livingston, then minister at the Court of France, and family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls, drew near to 'the chops' of the English channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth at evening, she made her tack for the French coast.

The watch was set at eight P. M., the captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship 'full and bye,' remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam; but, he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then 'turned in,' as did most of idlers, and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine, P. M., the ship headed west by compass, when the call of 'Light ho!' was heard from the foretopsail yard.

'Where away?' asked the officer of the deck.

'Three points on the lee bow,' replied the lookout man, which the unprofessional reader will understand to mean very nearly straight ahead.

At this moment the captain appeared and took the trumpet.

'Call all hands,' was his immediate order.

'All hands!' whistled the boatswain, with the long, shrill summons, familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board a man-of-war.

'All hands!' screamed the boatswain's mate, and ere the echo died away all but the sick were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay; the gale, which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers, where Sir Cloudesly Shovel, and his fleet were destroyed in the days of Queen Ann, sang their song of death before, and the Dead Man's Ledge replied in hoarser notes behind us. To go ahead seemed to be death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the captain was the furled mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening—the hauling up of which, contrary to the last order that he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on a 'lee shore,' upon which a strong gale was blowing her, in which the chance of safety appeared to the stoutest nerves almost hopeless. The sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us through the breakers of Scilly, or by a close graze along their outer ledger. Was this destiny to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation?



'Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it set?' cried the captain, in a tremendous voice.

'Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in, under your general order, sir, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion,' replied the lieutenant in command.

'Heave the log,' was the prompt command to the master's mate.

The log was thrown.

'How fast does she go?'

'Five knots and a half, sir.'

'Board the main tack, sir.'

'She will not bear it, sir,' said the officer of the deck.

'Board the main tack!' thundered the captain; 'keep her full and bye, quarter master!'

'Aye, aye, sir.'

The tack was boarded.

'Haul aft the main sheet!' shouted the captain; and aft it went, like the spreading of a sea bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

'Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea!' cried the captain.

'Aye, aye, sir! she has it,' growled out the old sea-dog at the binnacle.

'Right your helm! keep her full and bye!'

'Aye, aye, sir, full and bye she is,' was the prompt answer from the helm.

'How fast does she go?'

'Nine knots and a half, sir.'

'How bears the light?'

'Nearly a beam, sir!'

'Keep her away half a point.'

'How fast does she go?'

'Nine knots, sir.'

'Steady so!' returned the captain.

'Steady!' answered the helmsman, and all was silent as the grave upon that crowded deck, except the howling of the storm, for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour to us; unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly, and who ever touched those rocks and lived under a storm?

The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black

curtain, illuminated only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction. The wind had got above whistling—it came in puffs and flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while every thing on board seemed to be cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the fore-shroud had drawn.

'Get on the luffs, and set them all on the weather shrouds. Keep her at small helm, quarter-master, and ease her in the sea,' were the orders of the captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels; but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship—for with one foot of canvas less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the over-laden frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailor's grave, and her live oak sides his coffin of glory. She had been fitted out at Boston when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds of course therefore slackened at every strain, and her unwieldy masts—for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship—seemed ready to jump out of her.

And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew—and then another—until at last our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt less than a man's wrist in circumference. Still the iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alongside the breakers, though in a most frightful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never I believe been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact—which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish.

As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled around their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the

ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to engulf.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the bold Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all was silent, each officer and man was at his post, and the bearing and countenance of the captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he relied on his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail, which in any other situation would have been considered a suicidal act, *he weathered the lee shore, and saved the Constitution!*

The mainsail was now hauled up, by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in, and from the light of the Scilly, the gallant vessel, under close reefed topsails and main trysails, took her departure, and danced merrily over the deep towards the United States.

'Pipe down!' said the captain, to the first lieutenant, 'and splice the main brace.'

'Pipe down!' echoed the first lieutenant to the boatswain.

'Pipe down!' whistled the boatswain to the crew, and 'pipe down,' it was.

'How near the rocks did we go?' said I, to one of the master's mates, the next morning.

He made no reply, but taking down a chart, showed me a pencil line between the outside shoal and the Light House Island, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by day-light.

For what is the noble and dear old frigate reserved!

I went upon deck; the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvas from our mainsail to royal, the isles of Scilly had sunk in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger, but never before nor since

have I experienced an hour so terrible as that when the Constitution was laboring, with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small iron bolt, to weather Scilly, on the night of the 11th of May, 1835

During the gale, Mrs. Livingston inquired of the captain, if we were not in great danger, to which he replied, as soon as we had passed Scilly, 'You are as safe as you would be in the aisle of a church.'

It is singular that the frigate Boston, Capt. McNeal, about the close of the revolution, escaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France, Chancellor Livingston, a relative of Edward's, and also Minister to the Court of St. Cloud. He likewise had his wife on board, and while the vessel was weathering a lee shore, Mrs. Livingston asked the captain—a rough but gallant old fire-eater, if they were not in great danger, to which he replied—'You had better, madam, get down upon your knees, and pray God to forgive your numerous sins, for if we do not carry by this point, we shall all be down in five minutes.'

### Naval.

After the official inspection of the U. S. ships *Saratoga* and *Cyane*, on Monday, the latter was put out of commission, in consequence of requiring extensive repairs. The *Saratoga* will also be repaired to a considerable extent. Shortly after the inspection by Commodore Gregory, the crews of both vessels received their discharge; and as a large number of "land sharks" were hovering around the vessels, with a view of securing the sailors' hard earnings, Rev. Phineas Stowe, accompanied by Mr. Morrill of Amesbury, and other benevolent gentlemen, engaged the National Brass Band, and proceeded to the Navy Yard for the purpose of inducing the sailors to take up quarters at temperance boarding houses. They were well received on board ship by all classes. A flag and various Japanese curiosities were presented to Mr. Stowe, and nearly 150 out of 200 on board the *Saratoga*, accompanied the apostles of temperance and humanity,



the band leading the way. The procession marched through some of the principal streets of this city, to the Bethel on the corner of Lewis and Commercial streets, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. After listening to addresses and music they were almost all safely housed in temperance quarters. Later in the evening, a temperance meeting was held in the Bethel, where addresses were made by the Mayor, Mr. Williams of New York, Messrs. Morrill and Stowe, and one of the crew of the *Saratoga*. Many took the pledge, and the occasion was a deeply interesting one. To-morrow there is to be a sailors' Pic-nic at Framingham, the company marching from the Bethel. Seldom has any benevolent enterprise been crowned with greater success than has thus far attended this.—*Boston Atlas*, Sept. 6.

### To San Francisco.

Among the remarkable clipper passages during the year was that of the "Flying-Fish," which made the trip from an Atlantic port in 92 days. The following vessels made the trip in less than 110 days.

The "Flying Dutchman" arrived first on the 27th of January in 104 days, and again on the 27th October in 107 days; the "Trade Wind," 103 days, "Contest," 100, "Golden-Gate," 104, "Winged-Racer," 109, "Storm," 110, "Bald-Eagle," 107, "Oriental," 100, "Sword-Fish," 107, "Sea-Serpent," 109, "Flying-Cloud," 106, "Hornet," 108, "Young-America," 110, from New-York: and the "Westward-Ho!" 107 days, and "Phantom," 105, from Boston.

### American Sailors.

We are informed that a great number of young men, nearly all Americans, have been received into the merchant marine service within a short time, as nearly every ship leaving port takes from four to eight. Poole, Pentz & Goin, shipping notaries, inform us that more have entered the service during the last six months, than during the six previous; and that merchants are feeling the neces-

sity for having young men in the course of training for positions of command on ship-board,—more especially to provide men suitable for mates, &c., who are now procured with so much difficulty. The prospect that some system of apprenticeship may be adopted by the United States Government, is also said to have exerted a wholesome influence. The new turn which matters have taken, is a hopeful circumstance.

*N. Y. Jnal. of Commerce.*

### Disasters.

Schr. J. H. Holmes, Lodge, from Wilmington, N. C., for Philadelphia, went ashore 8th Sept., during the gale, at Raccoon Keys, near Bull's Bay, S. C. The vessel will prove a total loss.

Br. schr. Sea Horse, Palmer, from Miramichi for Boston, was wrecked on the Nova Scotia coast, near St. Mary's, about 30th Aug.

Brig E. Hinds, before reported at anchor, off Georgetown, S. C. bar, and in a sinking condition, parted her chains and went ashore on Cedar Island, to the northward of Cape Romain, previous to the 14th Sept. The seaman who was left on board, drifted ashore on a plank, and is safe, though badly chafed and bruised. The brig and cargo will be a total loss.

Bark Brilliant, at this port, from Newport, Eng., reports 12th Sept. saw a ship with loss of maintopmast, fore and mizzen topgalantmasts, steering W. by N.; same day at 9 o'clock in the evening, fell in with the crew of the ship Shenandoah, Capt. Miller, from Liverpool for New York, abandoned 12th Sept. in two boats, all of whom were brought to this port.

Schr. C. H. Sampson, Rogers, from Georgetown, S. C., for Bath, when three miles East of Thacher's Island, 9th Sept., shifted deckload, started plank shear, sprung a leak, filled with water, and sunk in ten minutes.

Bre. ship Beethoven, at this port, from Bremen, reports: 11th Sept., 70 miles S. E. of Sandy Hook, fell in with schr. Nile, of Kenebunk, Ellis,

from Philadelphia for Gardiner, Me., in a sinking condition: took from her the captain, mate and crew, four in number, and brought them to this port.

Schr. Fame, Chipman, from Millville, Me., for Salem, in attempting to make a harbor at Rockport, Me., in the blow of Sunday, struck on Harding's Rocks, knocked off rudder, and drifted upon Robinson's Ledge, where she became a total wreck.

Brig Mary Ann, from Charlestown for Attakapas, was totally lost 8th of Sept., at Tybee inlet. She struck at 9 a. m., but another sea put her afloat; she struck again at 6 1-2 a. m. and all the sails were carried away, also foretopgallant mast, foretopmast broken, foremost cracked, boat lost, pumps carried away by the fall of the mainmast, and water logged.—Capt Johnson died of yellow fever on the 6th.

Schr. Dirago, from Jacksonville, Flor., for Washington, D. C., water logged and dismasted in the gale of the 8th, was fallen in with 13th Sept., by steamer Gov. Dudley, at Charleston. Took from her Capt. Gordon and crew, who were found in a most exhausted condition, having nothing to subsist on for six days, their water and provisions having been swept away by the gale.

Capt. Pierce, Mr. Trenholm, passenger, and Mr. F. Burroughs, pilot of the Delia Maria, arrived in Charleston, 13th Sept. They brought the news of the entire safety of the passengers and crew of the ship Delia Maria. On Friday, the ship went ashore on Gaston banks, she striking heavily, with powerful sea on, soon filled with water and became unmanageable. The balance of the crew and passengers of the Delia Maria will probably arrive in the next steamer from Beaufort.

Br. schr. Windsor, at this port from Windsor, N. S., reports: 12th Sept., fell in with the wreck of Br. brig Billow, Earl, from Windsor to New-York, which had been wrecked in the late N. E. gale of 10th and 11th.—Took from her the captain and crew, seven in number, and brought them to this port.

Port. schr. Jupiter, at this port from St. Ubes, reports: 13th Sept., fell in with a small boat, containing Capt. Mouatt and crew of the brig Poultney, of Baltimore, from Liverpool for Baltimore, took them on board, and brought them to this port. The following is an extract from the log of the brig:—"10th inst., lat. 39 deg. 01 min., lon. 58 deg., experienced a severe gale from S. E. to N. E., which gave the vessel on her beam ends; cut away her spars to right her and found eight feet of water in the hold; finding the pumps chocked, and the vessel fast settling down by the head, got out a boat 15 feet long, into which the captain and crew, and the mate's wife and two children went, with 4 gallons of water and 15 pounds of bread, a very heavy sea on at the time; hove the boat to, head to the sea, by means of a small spar, and after being only 24 hours in the boat, fell in with the Portuguese schr. Jupiter, Cspt. Mager, from St. Ubes for New York, who took us on board and treated us with the greatest kindness." Capt. Mouatt and crew saved nothing but what they stood in. As a consequence of the great increase in the number of persons on board the Jupiter, they have been five days on very short allowance. When the Jupiter fell in with the boat, her gunwale was only about four inches above water, the boat being only 15 feet long, and having 13 souls in her.

Schr. J. J. Taylor, at this port from New Orleans, reports: 16th Sept., fell in with brig Union, or Orion, Perkins, of Chelsea, Mass., from Jacksonville, with a cargo of lumber, for Bath, in a sinking condition, having been dismasted on the 8th, in a gale from the N. E.; took off the captain and crew, and brought them to this port.

Schr. John P. Brown, Collet, from Charleston for Philadelphia, before reported, went ashore near Lockwood's Folly, N. C., during the late gale, and the captain, together with his family, several passengers, and all the crew, with the exception of the second mate, perished.

Ship Golden Eagle, hence for N. Orleans, put into Norfolk 1st Sept



No date, fell in with brig Commerce, Charleston for New Bedford, which vessel, when 12 hours out, was knocked down in a gale, which carried away both masts, and washed the captain, mate, and four seamen overboard. Took off the remainder of the crew, two in number.

Br. schr. J. W. Johnson, bottom up at Topsail Inlet, below Wilmington, N. C., has been sold by auction with her cargo. It is feared that all hands perished. On cutting into the cabin a very disagreeable smell arose, as of dead bodies.

Steamer Jamestown, at this port from Norfolk, reports: Sept. 14th, 6 a. m., 12 miles east of Absecom, passed brig Martin Van Buren, of Surrey, abandoned and full of water.

Ship Pungustuk, from Bristol for New York, was abandoned 28th Sept., in a sinking state. Crew and passengers taken off by ship Robert Carnley, from New Orleans, and carried to Liverpool.

Br. brig Jordison, from Newcastle for New York, was abandoned at sea 27th Aug., when 30 days out; crew taken off by Br. ship New York Packet, from Liverpool, which arrived at Quebec 22d Sept.

American bark Mary McLane, of New York, from New Orleans for Kansa, Sweden, was lost night of 6th Sept., at 11 o'clock, upon the Colorado Reefs, to the westward of Havana, having drifted out of her course by currents not observed.

The wreck of ship Lady Caroline, of Liverpool, dismasted and abandoned, was passed 4th Sept., by the Colchis, at Boston from London.

Schr. Ontario, from Rockland for Boston, was totally lost on the Devil's Back, in Broad Sound, 29th Sept. Capt. Penniman saved himself on a portion of the wreck, but four seamen were drowned.

Ship James H. Shepherd, hence 7th inst., for Kingston, Jam., was abandoned on the 13th inst., (where, not stated) and the captain carried to Halifax, N. S., by Br. brig Victoria.

Propeller City of Philadelphia, from Liverpool for Philadelphia, for whose

safety considerable apprehension has been felt, was totally lost Sept. 7th, on Cape Race, N. F.

Brig Royal Southwick, before reported spoken in distress, was fallen in with Sept. 19, no lat., &c., in a sinking condition, by schr. Lillie Saunders, Sharpley, from Charleston, who took off the crew, eight in number, and carried them to Philadelphia.

Ship Memphis, at this port from Havre, reports: Sept. 19th, spoke Br. brig Ethiopia, from St. Domingo for Cork; took from her captain, mate and crew of schr. Morning Star, of Halifax, which was capsized in a hurricane Sept. 11th.

Br. schr. Time, at this port from Nassau, N. P., reports: 24th Sept., fell in with and boarded the Br. bark Alexander, or Alexina, of Liverpool, waterlogged and abandoned.

Capt. Gardner and crew of bark Corporal Trim, are safe, and arrived at Portland 3d inst. Capt G. states that the bark struck Ragged Island Ledge in the fog, and sunk in twenty minutes after.

Brig Comet, which sailed from Charleston 5th Sept., for New Haven, was fallen in with 27th, about twenty miles south of the Frying Pan Shoal, totally dismasted, abandoned, and full of water, by the Charleston pilot boat W. I. Leitch.

Br. Ship Lady Peel, at Quebec, reports: Sept. 15th, St. Paul's bearing N. W. by N., distant about 10 miles, passed bark Canada, of Liverpool, waterlogged and abandoned.

Brig Marcellus, from Alexandria for New Bedford, went ashore 21st Sept., on the Rip Raps, and is supposed will prove a total loss.

Bark J. W. Blodget, at this port from Sissal. On the 8th Sept. was hove on the beam ends; cut away masts and rigging, when she righted, with loss of boats, houses; cabin and forecabin full of water. On the 11th at 6 a. m., discovered another wreck (by this time the gale had somewhat abated) which proved to be the brig Frontier, of Boston, Hoyt, from Wilmington, N. C., for St. Domingo.—Took from her Capt. H., his mate and

crew, (excepting one man who was drowned,) and brought them to this port. The F. was completely dismantled and waterlogged, and her crew in an exhausted condition, one of them dying in four hours after getting on board the J. W. B.

Ship Hudson, at this port from Greenock, reports; Aug. 15th at 10.4 p. m., came in contact with the schr. Reddington, of St. George, Me., Captain Falls, causing her to fill immediately. The Captain, his lady, daughter and crew got on board of the H. while the vessels were together, saving nothing but what they stood in.

Schr. Lady Arabella, of Surry, Me., was run down night of 5th Aug. during a dense fog, off Cranberry Isle, by steamer Governor, from Portland for St. John, N. B., causing the schr. to sink immediately. Two seamen went down in her, but the remainder on board, including one lady, were saved.

Schr. Spray, (of New Haven,) Johnson, from Cape Haytien for this port, was totally lost 23d Sept., on West Caicos Reef. The mate, cook and three seamen arrived here yesterday in the bark Hyperion, from Turk's Island.

Bark Juno, Katon, of and from Boston for Matanzas, with a cargo of furniture and empty barrels, was wrecked 21st July, on Moselle Shoals.

MANILA, May 16.

The Am. bark Sarah Mooers, Woodbury, from Sydney, N. S. W., to San Francisco, struck upon the rocks East of the Caroline Islands, 2d December, and was wrecked; master, and 11 of the crew have arrived here.

Br. brig Seline, Tully, from New York for Musquash, N. B., in ballast, was lost off Marsh's Island, near Petit Menan, 29th July, during a dense fog.

Ship Townsend, of Boston, from Boston to San Francisco, was burnt at sea May 25th, in the Pacific Ocean.

Brig Cardenas, Hutchings, from Mobile for Sagua, was totally lost on the night of the 29th July, on "Key Leviza."

Brig Patriot, of Frankfort, is fast going to pieces, and will be lost.

Schr. Isabella, of Machiasport, lies in a very exposed situation, has bilged and is full of water, and will probably be lost.

Schr. Madonna, of Prospect, is full of water, keel and rudder gone, and is breaking up; will be lost.

The wreck of the schr. Andrew Jackson, of Norwich, was fallen in with 12th Aug., about 5 miles N. of Eaton's Neck light, having been run down by propeller Charles Osgood; crew taken on board the propeller and carried to New York.

Schr. Elliptic, at this port from Baracoa, reports: Br. bark Appoline, Stansbury, which sailed Aug. 25th, for Mansanilla, to load for London, drifted ashore on the rocks, a short distance from the harbor of Baracoa, and became a total loss.

Ship Humboldt, at this port from Hamburg, reports: July 24th, fell in with a wreck, which proved to be the Br. brig Betsey, from London for Quebec; had about ten feet water in the hold, her foremast was gone by the deck, and her mainmast about 6 feet below the top; we sent our boat alongside, and took Capt. Watson and nine men from the wreck and brought them to this port.

Bark Regatta, at this port from Palermo, reports: 5th July, discovered a wreck distant four miles; stood for her, and when within a quarter of a mile from her, lowered a boat and boarded her. Proved to be the brig H. M. Johnson of Newark.

Br. schr. Henrietta, from Inagua, arrived at this port 20th, having touched at Mayaguana for a supply of water, reports having at the latter place, seen the captain, mate and one man of the schr. John Esson, of Halifax, N. C. It appears that the J. E. left Port Antonio (Jamaica) for Fortune Island, but the captain and two men having been taken sick of fever, the vessel was managed entirely by the mate, until the 6th inst., when she was wrecked on Mayaguana. One man died at sea—the other shortly after the vessel became wrecked.—Capt. H. states that the captain and



seamen of the J. E. were entirely under the hospitality of the settlers of the Island.

Ship Susan Hincks, at this port from Boston, reports: Aug. 4th, passed the wreck of a brig about 150 tons burthen, full of water, masts gone, with Lexington, of Salem, on her stern.

The crew of the Mary Adeline, before lost on the voyage from Curacao to New York, were picked up on the 25th July, by the Br. brig Mary Ann, from Cardenas, of and for Glasgow, and carried to Bermuda, from whence they were brought to this port in the Br. schr. Flora.

Brig Alfred Hammond, Goggins, was totally wrecked in the St. Domingo river previous to the first of July.

Br. schr. Sarah Parker, at Boston, from Annapolis, N. S., reports: 24th Aug., off Mount Desert, fell in with Br. schr. Indus, Day, from Halifax for Boston, in a sinking condition.—Took off the crew and brought them to Boston.

Br. ship Rimswell, at this port from Cadiz, reports: No date, passed the wreck of brig Exeter, of Salem, dismantled and abandoned; appeared to have been in that condition a long time.

Brig Tusket, of Yarmouth, N. S., from Boston for Bathurst, N. B., in ballast, was totally lost on Miscou, 21st Aug.

### Notices to Mariners.

**SOUTH COAST OF SPAIN—LIGHT ON PLANA (OR TABARCA) ISLAND.**—Official information has been received at this office that the Spanish Government has given notice that on the 1st ult. a Fixed Light, varied by a flash every two minutes, was established on Plana (or Tabarca) Island, off Cape Santa Pola, on the coast of Valencia; and being elevated 92 feet above the level of the sea, may be seen in all directions at the distance of 10 miles. The Lighthouse stands 621 yards from the East point of the Island, and 173 yards from the North shore, in lat.  $10^{\circ} 13' N.$  and  $0^{\circ} 26' 22'' W.$  of Greenwich.

By order of the Lighthouse Board,  
THORNTON A. JENKINS, Sect'y.  
Treasury Department Washing-  
ton. Office Light-House Board,  
Aug. 4, 1854.

**DANGEROUS AND UNKNOWN ROCKS IN THE CHINA SEA.**—Capt. Richard Canfield, of clipper ship Golden City, from Shanghai, discovered in lat.  $0^{\circ} 40'$ , lon.  $107^{\circ} 34' E.$  bearing S. S. W. from White Rock, distant 14 miles, a rock about the size of a ship's long boat, having from 3 to 3 1-2 fathoms water: also another shoal patch about a cable's length from it to the N. E. These being directly in the way of vessels bound down the China Sea, deserve special attention.

**WRECK BUOY, WATERLOO BAY, AUSTRALIA.**—Masters of vessels seeking shelter under Wilson's Promontory, are hereby informed that a buoy, painted green, and marked "Wreck," has been laid down in 14 1-2 fathoms, close to the sunken bark Cheviot, in Waterloo Bay, with the following bearings (magnetic): West end of large Sandy Beach W. by S.; Cape Wellington N. E. 1-2 E.; South point of the Bay S. E. by S. 1-4 S.; summit of Mount Wilson N. W. 3-4 W.

CHAS. FERGUSON, Chief Harbor-Master.

**BEACON LIGHT ON FORT CARROLL, (PATAPSCO RIVER MD.)**—A Beacon Light has been established in the Patapsco River at the site of Fort Carroll, Soller's Point Flats, situated nearly midway of the River between Hawkin's and Soller's Points.

The Beacon is to the Eastward and Northward of the Main Channel, from which it is distant about one-fourth of a mile.

The Illuminating Apparatus is of the 5th order, Catadioptric; is elevated thirty-seven feet (37) above ordinary low water; and may be seen, under ordinary states of the atmosphere, from an elevation of 10 feet above the water, 10 1-2 nautical or 12 statute miles.

By order of the Light-House Board. H. BREWERTON,

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 7, 1854.

# POETRY.

## Hope.

BY CHARLES MATHEWS.

I saw a shattered bark along the wave  
Borne by the fury of the midnight storm;  
I heard the winds and waters wildly rave,  
While billows dashed o'er her devoted form.

Mast, helm and compass rudely swept away,  
A wreck she floated on the boiling deep;  
Around her path I saw red lightnings play,  
And on her fearful men their stations keep

On every pallid face sat mute despair,  
For hope and courage long ago had fled;  
Yet voices murmured low, in fervent prayer,  
As crashed the pealing thunder overhead.

Soon must she sink beneath the surging main,  
A thousand fathoms in the dark abyss,  
While struggling swimmers call for aid in vain,  
Their souls swift-speeding or to woe or bliss!

But lo! as on a mountain billow raised,  
She trembles on the summit, seen afar,  
Comes to the watchful eye that still has gazed,  
A glimmering light, as of a rising star!

And now, 't is lost!—and now, 't is seen again!—  
And soon to all it comes, with steady gleam:  
It is the beacon shines across the main!  
It marks the harbor with its friendly beam!

No 'ark despair, no hopeless terror now,  
Unmans each heart, and blanches every cheek;  
Bright is each eye, serene is every brow,  
As each the joyful tidings hastes to speak.

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw the pilgrim faint beneath the sun,  
And lay him down upon the sands to die,  
While by him passed his comrades, one by one,  
And left the wretch unpitied there to lie.

Night closed upon the desert's burning waste,  
And loud was heard the wild hyæna's scream,  
So shrill, death's swift approachingsleep it chased,  
And waked the wanderer from a fevered dream

He dreamed of home, of loved ones far away,  
That watched his coming by the placid Nile,  
Upon whose banks he saw his children play,  
In careless glee, cheered by a mother's smile.

"Then is the bitterness of death not past?"  
He moaning cried, and oped his glazing eye,  
And through the gloom obscure, despairing, cast  
A timorous glance, its dangers to descry.

Feebly he raised again his drooping head;  
Life's fluttering pulses quickened once again;  
He raised him slowly from his lonely bed  
Of heated sand, forgetful of his pain.

He saw, across the boundless desert, faint  
And indistinct, a dim uncertain ray:  
No more was heard the wanderer's low complaint,  
As onward now he took his toilsome way.

[burned  
For he had seen where, 'neath the palm tree,  
The watch-fire by the fountain, blazing high,

And joyful now his weary footsteps turned  
To where the green oasis gardens lie!

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh light of Hope! thy sorrow-chasing ray  
Dispels the shadows of the darkest night!  
Thy cheering beams restore again the day,  
And gild the storm-cloud with their radiance  
[bright!

The fainting pilgrim through life's desert way,  
The storm-tossed sailor o'er time's troubled sea,  
Forgets his fears, his dangers, his dismay,  
And lifts once more his wearied eye to thee!

With thee to shine upon his onward course,  
He heeds nor toil, nor peril, nor distress;  
The green oasis near, the favored source  
Of living waters, soon his feet shall press!  
Soon shall the anchor touch his native shore,  
His bark shall ride where storms can never come  
Rude winds and waves shall weary him no more;  
That haven fair is his eternal home!

Five of the sweetest words in the English  
language begin with H—Heart, Hope, Home  
Happiness and Heaven.

## The Five Sweet Words.

Most beautiful words! the sweetest to us given—  
Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven;  
The synonyms of all the heart holds dear,  
The names for wealth *no mines* can furnish *here*.

I take each priceless gem and string it, there—  
And bid my *Soul* the precious circlet wear:  
Delicious memories to the mind they'll bring  
To cheer in solitude and suffering.

A Heart that's true, a Hope that strength supplies  
A Home where joys from purest springs arise,  
Affords us Happiness on life's ocean driven,—  
And intimates the radiant bliss of Heaven.

KNARF.

Panama, Sept. 1864.

## IT IS I.

BY MISS HARRIET MALLARD, N. Y.  
Once upon the waves most fearful  
Rocked a trembling fisher's bark;  
Unbelief all doubting, fearful,  
Rowed and toiled,—the night was dark.

Walking on the waters rising  
Mountains high, a form appears  
Spirit-like, the crew surprising;  
But a voice the sailor cheers:—

"It is I: fear not, beloved;  
It is I, and naught shall harm."  
It is Jesus. They receive him  
And dismiss their wild alarm.

Still this glorious Mediator  
Seeks the Sailor's trusting heart,  
Meets him on the boisterous Ocean  
Life Eternal to impart.



New York, November, 1854.

### Perils of the Sea.

The season of storm, and peril, and death in the sea has come; and with it an accumulation of motives prompting to humane and christian efforts in behalf of those who go down to the sea in ships. The statistics of loss, like the fragments of wrecks, are cast up so irregularly, as to render it difficult to calculate the aggregate amount. And when an approximated sum total for six months or a year is presented, it is received with incredulity. The first impression is, it cannot be;—*it cannot be* that so much property and so many human lives are annually buried in the deep! If it is so, how dare any body trust his property or himself on the sea! Yet the sum total stands, and needs no exaggeration to make it appalling. Within 4 months and 5 days ending March 16, 1839, the British and Foreign Sailor's Society reported 160 vessels wrecked whose crews all perished; 42 vessels stranded; 23 foundered; 92 abandoned; 68 sunk; 28 condemned; 227 wrecked, and 76 which had previously sailed not heard from.

Total loss of lives 2,600.

The list of wrecks and casualties at sea, registered at Lloyd's during the present year, since the 1st of last January, discloses a frightful catalogue of ships missing, and which are

now given up as lost, having, it is supposed, foundered with all hands on board. In all there appear to be no fewer than 48, which do not include the losses of the *Madagascar*, and the ill-fated screw steamer *City of Glasgow*, with which upward of 580 unhappy creatures were lost. Of the 28, a large number were vessels bound across the Atlantic, carrying many passengers. Among them were the following:

The Waterloo, from Liverpool to New-York; the Ann, Capt. Atkinson, from Quebec for Bristol; the Leviathan, of and from New-York, for Liverpool; the Johannah, from N. Y. for Dunkirk; the American Lass, Capt. Cousins, from St. John's, Newfoundland, for Oporto; the Emma Field, from Bath (U. S.) for Liverpool; the Gipse, Capt. Stephenson, from St. John's, for Greenock. Also the ships Argo, of New York; the Agnes Hall, from Montevideo; the Wilberforce, Syria, Urgent, Atlas, Antilas, John Wickliffe, Governor Briggs, William Thompson, Sarah (Peterson), Ann Tift, Spectator, Red Rover, Richard Watson, and the Abbe, of Bridgport.

The remaining vessels were brigantines and schooners. Strange to say, not a vestige of any one of the unfortunate vessels has turned up, not a fragment has been discovered.

It was proved by Parliamentary evidence, presented ten years ago,

that nearly three million pounds sterling, or fifteen millions of dollars, are annually lost to the British nation by shipwrecks and other accidents at sea.

During the year ending Sept. 1, 1853, 574 American vessels were lost; and the losses at sea for the year ending with Sept. 1854 must be much greater.

At least 1200 vessels, and 4000 to 5000 lives, and forty millions of property are buried in the sea every year! The sea is an immense cemetery; with its coral trees and shrubbery; its walks strewn with silver and gold; and its monuments of oak and pine, mahogany and rosewood, iron, brass and marble. There are the sleepers of all nations and ages; of all characters and destinies. There in silence and darkness they will slumber on till called by the voice of God,

"From out their watery beds, the ocean's dead  
Renewed, shall on the unstirring billows stand  
From pole to pole, thick covering the sea."

The last large and most melancholy accession to their number was from the American Steamship Arctic. She left Liverpool bound to New York on the 20th of September with over 400 souls on board. On the 7th day out, precisely at 12 o'clock M., *running at the rate of about 13 knots an hour in a dense fog*, she came in collision with the Propeller Vesta, with 200 men on board, and in a short time 300 souls were swept into eternity! In the language of Mr. Burns, who escaped;—"the foam went boiling over the tumbling heap of human beings—many were dashed forward against the pipe. I heard one wild yell (still ringing in my ears), and saw the Arctic and the struggling mass rapidly engulfed."

The fate of those on board the Vesta is yet unknown. One of the witnesses testifies that many vessels were in the neighborhood at the time,

and yet these two steamers were dashing through the dense fog, the one running with the wind with sails set at the rate of about 10, and the other meeting her at a speed of about 13 miles an hour!

*Full speed* under such circumstances seeks justification on the ground that it is *safer to the steamer to gallop* over whatever may be on her track than to go at a slower speed. Suppose it is safer for her—(which is very questionable)—must she have no regard for the safety of others running like herself at random peril, and none for the "many vessels" enveloped in the same impenetrable fog?

Broadway is as usual full of vehicles—the night is intensely dark,—the lights are suddenly extinguished. But my vehicle is strong, and my six steeds equal to any emergency. Now lest some Jehu should run into me, I'll put mine at the top of their speed and strength, and woe to the luckless that come in my way! If a Captain may *dash* through the fog-covered, broad ocean; why may I not *drive* through a dark, crowded Broadway?

But there is no reasoning with spurs on the heels of haste. *Neck or nothing* is the order of the day—the spirit of the times. Speed! a little more speed!! is the cry, till lightning trains of cars and wires are censured as laggards for not keeping pace with the intensest imaginings of the most fevered brain.

In the mean time the work of death will go on in the sea. The sailors singly and collectively in large numbers will be laid in the ocean cemetery. Parents, widows, and orphans will weep in their stricken dwellings, and the mourners continue to go about the streets. O with what urgency do the sorrowful appeals from the sea summon to every humane



and christian effort to prepare its men for a world where there shall be no more sea!

### **The Mariners' Church--- New York.**

At a recent meeting of the "Society for promoting the Gospel among Seamen in the Port of New York," the Rev. Charles J. Jones was appointed Pastor in place of the late Rev. Henry Chase.

We copy from the St. Louis Presbyterian the interesting proceedings on the occasion of his leaving his former charge, for his more extensive field of labor:—

**MR. JONES' FAREWELL DISCOURSE.**—The Rev. Charles J. Jones took leave of his former congregation on last Sabbath evening. For an account of the manner of his leaving his church, we refer to the proceedings contained in the communication below. It certainly must be deeply grateful to Mr. Jones' feelings, to carry with him such unmistakable evidences of the love and confidence of his former charge. He left us on Monday. May God's blessing go with him.

After the usual prayer meeting on Tuesday evening, September 21st 1854, (being four days before his departure for New York city) a beautiful silver pitcher, two goblets, and a silver tray, with appropriate inscriptions, which had been purchased by the members, congregation and friends of the First Boatman's Church, were presented as a parting memorial of their affection and esteem, to the Rev. Chas. J. Jones, Pastor.

While the congregation was singing the last lines of the last hymn, a lady entered the lecture room, and stepped before the pulpit holding the present before her, and after one of the Church officers had uncovered it, another one delivered the following address;—

"Before him, our dearly beloved Pastor and Friend, will perceive a small offering, which we trust will, in some measure at least, be an index

of our feelings towards one, who, for so long a period, has faithfully broken the 'bread of life' to us, and with whom we have had so much pleasant and sweet communion in the days that are past.

"As the day of our separation is at hand, and as the endearing relation of Pastor and people is about to be dissolved, our feelings are such that we could not sever such fond and tender ties, without presenting you with some humble memento of our fervent love and cordial Christian sympathy for yourself and your dear family.

"We feel, at least somewhat, like the Elders of Ephesus, when the great Apostle of the Gentiles declared to them 'that they should see his face no more.'

"Receive then, this humble tribute of our kindly gratitude and love, which we present with the wish, that whenever your eyes rest upon, it may tend to call a host of pleasant and interesting associations to your mind.

"And that the Great Head of the Church, who in His good Providence, has called you away from us, may bless you and your dear family, and give you many seals to your ministry, is the humble prayer, and sincere desire of every member of the First Boatman's Church of St. Louis."

In accepting the present, Mr. Jones responded in a few touching and appropriate remarks, and it would be as useless to attempt to describe their pathos, as it would be to efface them from the memories of those who listened.

It was a most interesting scene, and one could not but realize what the Apostle Paul said when he took leave of the Elders of Ephesus: "It is more pleasant to give than to receive."

At the close of the meeting, which will never be forgotten by all present, Mr. Jones having withdrawn, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the members of the Church:

Resolved, That we have heard with the most profound sorrow of the resignation of our esteemed Pastor, Rev. Charles J. Jones.

Resolved, That while we deeply regret and mourn his loss, nevertheless, we feel assured that nothing but a call from God could have induced him to resign, and that we therefore submit to it, as a dispensation of Divine Providence.

Resolved, That we tender to him and to his dear wife and family, our kindest regards and sympathies, and assure them of an interest in our prayers.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to furnish Mr. Jones with a copy of the resolutions, and that they be copied in the city papers.

ISAAC DONALDSON,  
Chairman,  
GEORGE SLATER,  
Secretary.

On last Sabbath evening, September 24th, Mr. Jones preached his "Farewell Sermon" to a very large audience. After every pew and the seats in the choir were occupied, some ten benches, which were brought from the Lecture room, were also filled with eager listeners. The sermon was a pathetic discourse in which he bade farewell to the members of the Church and the citizens of St. Louis.

### A Sailor's sad End.

To die anywhere—even at home, attended by physicians and friends, and all the ministrations of the Gospel, is always a solemn, and sometimes a very sad event. But to die as Halstead did—far from friends, in a strange land, in the street, and none to direct his dying eye to Christ, is doubly sad:—sad to himself, and sad to his surviving friends. The following letter from Mr. Dwight, Missionary at Constantinople, may relieve those friends from an anxious state of suspense by the mournful intelligence of that sailor's end. But for the incidental testimony thus furnished, neither his name nor destiny could have been known. Why should a sailor change his name? Is it because

he is ashamed of it, or ashamed of his conduct that he hoists a false signal? The practice is reprehensible, as it often leads to serious results. In behalf of his friends we thank our old friend and classmate for performing the last acts of kindness for that sailor.

PERA, August 25, 1854.

MY DEAR BROTHER WOOD.—I was recently called by our Legation to bury an American Sailor here, who had died of cholera, I knew nothing of the case previously, and went with a sorrowful heart, to perform this last, and only duty I could perform, to a fellow countryman, in this strange land. The only persons who followed the remains to their last resting place, were the porters that carried the bier; the Kavass of the Legation; a clerk of the American harbor master, and myself. From no one could I get any information as to the name of the deceased, or the place, in America, from which he had come; or by what ship he had arrived; except that it was an English vessel that had come and gone, leaving him here, on shore, some weeks previously. He was seized with the cholera, which was somewhat prevalent here, one day, at a sailor's boarding house in Galata, and on the following morning word was sent to Mr. Brown of his situation, and he immediately procured permission for him to be received into the Prussian Hospital; but while they were carrying him there, he died in the street!

To-day I have found another American Sailor here, who saw a good deal of the deceased when he was well, and who gave me the following account of him, in answer to my questions: He was a young man, about 21 years of age, more or less. He came to this port in the British transport ship, the Asia—on which he shipped at Malta. On his way he fell from a yard and very greatly aggravated a rupture, which he had been suffering from before, and on this account he left the ship and went into the Prussian Hospital where he soon recruited. He shipped under the



name of Peter Ennis—which he told this brother sailor, was a fictitious name, and that his real name was William Halstead. He said he was born on Long Island; that his father and mother are both dead; that he has a sister married to the mate of one of the New York and Liverpool Packets, and another younger sister and brother in New York, living in a house inherited by all the children; and that an uncle of his, also by the name of Halstead, keeps a liquor store in Water street, New York.

He said he had been a sailor about five years but seemed to know but little about the business.

Now, if you can find any such man as the above mentioned in Water street, you may be able to communicate to him, and through him to the sisters and brother, the tidings of the death of this young man. If you cannot get any clue to such a person, you may think it best perhaps to ask some editors to insert the fact I have communicated, in their papers, without charge. Very sincerely yours,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

“Captain, what’s the fare to St Louis?”

“What part of the boat do you wish to go—cabin or deck?”

“Hang your cabin,” said the gentleman from Indiana, “I live in a cabin at home; give me the best you’ve got.”

### Account of Monies.

From Sept. 15, to Oct. 15, 1854.

#### *Directors for Life by the payment of fifty dollars.*

Henry Trowbridge 2d., New Haven, Ct., by Thomas R. Trowbridge (amt. ack. below.)

Rev. Henry J. Fox, by Meth. Epis. Ch., South Fifth st., Williamsburgh, N. Y. (amt. ack. below.)

Hon. Wm. Wall, do., do.,

#### *Members for life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.*

Rev. Henry W. Painter, of Fredericksburgh, Va., by Ladies Beth. Socy., Newburyport., Mass., for Rio Station, 20 00

Prof. Alpheus Crosby, Newburyport, by do., for do., 20 00

Rev. Moses P. Clark, by Cong. Soc’y., Greensboro, Vt., 20 25

Thomas Dixon, by 3d Pres. Ch., Baltimore, Md., 20 00

Mrs. Caroline L. Stokes, New York, (amt. ack. below.)

James L. Truslow, by Meth. Epis. Ch., South Fifth st., Williamsburgh, N. Y., (amt. ack. below.)

Capt. Gilbert Potter, Wilmington, N. C., by do., do.

Ezra B. Bostwick, of Union City, Ohio, by his Mother, 20 00

Robert Farnham, Esq., Washington, D. C., 20 00

Capt. George Bacon, by Con. Soc., Freeport, Me., 25 11

Miss Sarah Nason, by do., do., 25 11

Capt. John Waite, Freeport, Me., 20 00

Dr. S. W. Blanchard, Yarmouth, Me., by friends, 25 78

Mark Todd, New Boston, N. H., by friends, 20 62

A. B. Tewksbury, by do., do., 20 63

Rev. Thomas M. Lord, by Con. Soc., Auburn, Me., (balance,) 12 00

Rev. David Burt, by Con. Soc., Raymond, N. H., (in part,) 15 00

Rev. John Richardson, by Bapt. Village Church., S. Berwick, Me., (balance) 14 60

P. Lawton of Nashua, N. H., by Con. Soc., Salmon Falls, N. H., 20 00

Deacon Sam’l F. French, by Con. Soc., Northampton, N. H., (balance,) 12 00

#### *Donations.*

From Refd. Dutch Church, Fishkill, N. Y., \$36 24

“ Three Friends, Castleton, Vt., 62



" W. B. Brown, Colum-	5 00
bus, Ohio,	
" Rev. James Bradford,	5 00
Sheffield, Mass.,	
" Pres. Church, Eliza-	70 00
town, N. J.,	
" Con. Soc. Salisbury Ct.	19 00
(balance,)	
" Third Con. Soc. New-	61 00
Haven, Ct.,	
" South Con. Soc. New-	46 00
Haven,	
" Refd. Dutch Church,	20 00
Gravesend, N. Y.,	
" First Con. Soc. New-	242 23
Haven, Ct.,	
" Rev. J. B. Cook, Wells, Me.,	1 00
" North Con. Soc., New-	99 00
Haven, Ct.,	
" Second Baptist Church,	25 00
Stamford, Ct.,	
" Seventh Pres. Church,	100 00
New York,	
" Meth. Epis. Ch., South	149 09
Fifth st., Williams-	
burgh, N. Y.,	
" Allen street, Pres. Ch.,	41 69
New York,	
" Ref'd. Dutch Ch., 21st	72 36
st., New York,	
" Boston Seam. Friend	264 42
Soc'y.	
" Con. Soc. Terrysville,	16 00
Ct.,	
" College st. Ch. New	42 25
Haven, Ct.,	
" Pres. Ch., West Bloom-	15 81
field, N. J.,	
" Nathaniel Post, New-	10 00
port, N. Y.,	
" David Congar, An. Sub.	5 00
Bloomfield, N. J.,	
" Agent for supplying	10 00
Pulpit,	
" Con. Soc. Minot Me.,	8 59
" Con. Soc., Rockland,	12 00
Me.,	
" Meth. Epis. Ch., South	6 00
Alexandria, Va.,	
" United Pres. Ch., Rich-	22 50
mond, Va.,	
" Second Pres. Ch., Rich-	6 09
mond, Va.,	
" A Friend, Rich., Va.	1 00
" Alex. McIlvaine, Esq.,	5 00
Petersburg, Va.,	

---

\$1,748 99

### Legacies.

Mrs. Maria Ripley Gillett,	53 98
late of Harlem, N. Y.,	
<i>Sailor's Home, New York.</i>	
From a Friend, one quilt. Also a	
quilt for Mariner's Family Asylum,	
Staten Island, N. Y.	
From Ladies' Sewing Circle, Leba-	
non, Ct., 1 quilt, 3 shirts.	
From Mrs. Sally Wright, West-	
brook, Ct., 1 quilt.	
<i>Receipts into the Treasury of the</i>	
<i>Boston Seamen's Friend Society.</i>	
Greenfield 1st Ch. & Soc.,	19 66
Shelburne, Ladies' Associa-	
tion, \$5 94, Gents. do.,	
\$7 75,	13 69
Sunderland Con. Soc., Jesse	
A. Miller, L. M.,	25 70
South Deerfield,	11 00
Greenfield, Miss Grinnel,	2 00
" Rev. G. L. Hovey,	2 00
" Daniel Whitney (de-	
ceased,)	1 00
Conway, Baptist Soc.,	3 00
Byfield Con. Soc.,	4 41
Holliston Con. Soc., to make	
Dea. Timothy Daniels, L.	
M.,	57 43
South Dennis, Juvenile Col-	
lectors, viz Elizabeth Col-	
lins, Mary B. Baxter, Phi-	
lena Baker, Abby Baker,	
and others, to make Mrs.	
J. C. Thacher, L. M.,	28 33
Marshfield, Rev. Mr. Alden's	
Soc.,	12 55
Plympton, Rev. Charles Liv-	
ington. L. M., in part,	17 00
East Cambridge,	16 78
Campello, Spencer W. Noyes,	2 00
Chickopee 3d Ch. Juvenile	
Collectors (additional) viz:	
Sarah J. Ames and Anna	
Moody \$5 00, Edwin Fitz	
\$5, William D. and Melzar	
Mosman \$5 00,	15 00
Fall River Con. Soc.,	57 00
Conituit Port, monthly concert,	20 00
Therford, Vt.,	20 80
Westboro, by Frank D. Fish-	
er,	1 33
Eratum in last Magazine,	
for Hughham read Hing-	
ham,	4 83